

The LEGEND of CAPTAIN JONES the first & 2^d part.



Printed for R. Marriott & are sold at his shop under y^e Kings head Tavern in Fleetstreet neare Chancery lane end.

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THE
LEGEND
OF
Captaine Iones: 62

RELATING

His adventure to Sea: His first landing,
and strange combate with a mighty Beare.

His furious battell with his sixe and thirty men
against the Army of eleven Kings, with their
overthrow and deaths.

His relieving of Kemper Castle.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with sixe
huge Gallies of Spain, and ninthousand Soul-
diers.

His taking prisoner, and hard usage. Lastly,

His setting at liberty by the Kings command, and
returne for England.

L O N D O N,

Printed for I. M. and are to be sold in Fleet-street,
in S. Dunstons Church-yard. 1636.

THE
LEGEND
OF

Capitane Jones:





To the R E A D E R.

REader, y^e have here the Mirrour of the times,
Old Jones wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.
Receive him fairly (pray;) nor censure how,
Or what he tells: the matter hee'l avow.
And for the forme he speakes in, I'll maintain it,
It comes as neere his vaine as I could straine it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
Capparifond, and pannell a great horse.
My part claimes no inventions praise: for (know it)
Where ere there's fiction in't, there be's the Poet.
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to doe it,
Drinke Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.



To the R E A D E R.

Readers, I have here the history of the times
of our country in the reign of King
Charles the first (1625) to the year 1649
of which he tells the most exact account
and for the former he speaks of it minutely
it comes to more than 1000 pages
for more integrity to set forth the
Cavaliers, and punish the rebels
My part being no more than a
to give the reader a full view of the
the whole of the reign of King
some remaining part to the year 1649
I let him write what he will
I think that will be enough, and so I will retire.



THE
LEGEND
OF CAPTAIN
JONES.

Sing thy Armes (*Belona*), and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great *Tamberlans* :
Thy Trump (dire goddesse) send,
that I may thunder

The Invo-
cation.

Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.

When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be
The life and death of men, they could not see
A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror
Of martiall spirits, this thunder crack of terror,
Then some vast mountaines womb, whose riggid rocks
Might forme him, and foreshew the hardy knocks
Which he should give and take : Nor were they nice
To thinke it base, that mountaines bring forth mice,
Since

His birth-
place.

2 *The Legend of Captain Jones.*

Since from a Brittish mount and *Mars* his stones,
They sent this Man of men, sterne *Captaine Jones*.
Wilde Mares milk nurst him on the mountaines gorse,
Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse;
Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
Which taught him to mount Rampiers like those rocks.

Ere eighteen Winters fully waxes were,
This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
With *Reymond* a stout brother of the sword
He first attempt'd Sea, and went aboard,
Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,
Fame was the onely prize he sought or found.

Twice twenty dayes auspicious waves and windes
Lull'd them: then *Aolus* and *Neptune* joynes
To worke great *Jones* his fall. Envy and ire
To see him more then man, made them conspire:
Rough *Boreas* whistled to the dancing ship,
The boistrous billowes strove to over-skip
The bounding vessell. In this great disaster

His stout
behaviour
in a storme
at Sea.

Reymond, the souldiers, Mariners and Master
Lost heart and heed to rule; then up starts *Jones*,
Calls for sixe Gispins, drinckes them off at once.
Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
He ascends, and drew, and pist against the weather;
And are we borne (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
Shall we descend? Thy immortality

Neptune thou must resigne, if I come thither:
One Sea may not containe us both together.
Nor waves nor windes could fright him with the motiō,
Who thought he could containe and pisse an Ocean.
His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he shakes,
And frownes; the Sea and ship and canvass quakes:

Then

The Legend of Captain Jones.

3

Then from the hatches he descends, and stept
Into his Cabbin, drank again, and slept.
When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,
And arm'd against them like a man por-sure,
They stint vaine stormes; and so *Monstrifera*
(So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida,
Upon a desert Island call'd *Crotone*,
Where savage beasts and serpents live alone:
Here *Jones* would needs to land, though *Reymond* swore
Danger was in't: he laught and leapt ashore.
Danger (quoth he) to them whom danger fright,
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some fixe and thirty more put forth to ground,
These for fresh food, he for adventure bound;
They limit their return when three houres ends,
Which *Reymond* with the ship at Sea attends.
These Sea-sick souldiers, range hills, woods, and vallies,
Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies;
Jones goes alone, where Fate prepar'd to meet him
With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him;
* A *Beare* as black as darknesse, and as fell
As Tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,
Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,
That he no leisure had to draw for hast
* *Kil x-a-dog* his good sword; with fist he aym'd,
All arm'd, a blow, which sure the *Beare* had brain'd,
But that betweene her yawning teeth it dings,
The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings
Unarm'd, unarm'd from thence; her formost pawes
The *Beare* on *Jones* his shoulder claps, and gnawes
The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Jones* claspt her
With both his armes, and strove by force to cast her.

The name
of his ship.

Hisland-
ing.

* His en-
counter
with a
Beare.

* The
name of
his sword.

B

And

4 *The Legend of Captain Jones.*

And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
 And foame; but *Jones* who knew the Cornish hug,
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
 And with a short turne hurles her on the ground;
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
 Which pierc't skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her heart.
 The head (his trophee) from the trunk he curs,
 And with it back unto the shore he struts,
 Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
 His and the rests returne: but he (false friend)
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,
 Hoist sailes to sea, and tooke himsele to flight.
 Here *Jones* found fraud in man, and deeply swears
 Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the rest he cheares;

He joynes
 himsele
 to the 36.
 souldiers.

All safe return'd, but all in desperation
 To see themselves left there to desolation:
 Nor grain nor ground, but wilde; nor man, nor beast,
 But savage; yet (O strange) here *Jones* doth feast
 His six and thirty daily, 'twas with fishes

His taking
 of fish with
 his hal-
 berts point

Toft from his halberts point into their dishes;
 Wherewith he tooke them standing on the shore
 Out of the Ocean: whether 'twas the store
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether
 To see this wondrous man they shoald together
 And so astonied, yeeld themselues a prey
 To him from whom they durst not swim away.
 Bee't so, or so, I'll not decide, but I
 Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knowes no lye.
 Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed:
 Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,
 Who to America transports with *Jones*
 His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

5

To Insp were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.
Their first encounter there with famine was,
A dry and desert soile, nor graine nor grasse,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house and bed.
Such living as that Country could afford
Bold Jones was forc't to win by dint of sword.
Eleven fierce Kings possesse the fertile tract
Of this great Coast, who all their powers compact
To vanquish Jones: A brave attempt 'tis true;
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thousand choise and doughty men they chose,
To bid him battaile, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes sadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel & stone.
And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew neer him,
He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheare them;
My five and twenty friends (for onely those
Had fate and famine left) these darts and bowes
Are fit to deale with fearefull Crowes and Dawes,
But us whose hearts of oake and empty mawes
Hungers sharpe dart hath pierc't, (and yet we stand
To fright and soile our foes with sword in hand)
These weapons cannot conquer, nor the number,
Were they two thousand such as John a Cumber.
Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as fast,
Eat these men-eaters, (souldiers) kill and tast.
Would you gaine glory? Kill by six and seven,
If Crownes of Kings, then here behold eleven.
And this he spake and drew. With stomack fierce
They give the first assault, Now for a verse

Captaine
Jones en-
counters
with the
great Gi-
ant Asdrif-
dus.

His orati-
on to his
25. souldi-
ers before
their fight
with the
2000. sent
against
him by the
11. Ameri-
can Kings,

6 *The Legend of Captain Jones.*

His courage in
fight.

To speake *great Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes
Amongst the thickest rankes, cuts, kills, and throwes,
Some by the legs, some by the wast he makes
Shorter; another by the lock he takes,
Reapes off his head, wherewith he braines another,
Then at one stroke kils father, sonne, and brother;
Few scap'd with life, but strangely; happy those
Which scap'd with losse of halfe a face or nose.
Nor may I passe his men, who cut and slash
Like those that fought for life, nor Crownes or Castl.
Want made them seem (which sure their foes dismaid)
The very sons of death, whose parts they plaid;
The Insips now no aime can take aright,
They thinke each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite;
And so they fly. Six Kings he tooke, and kil'd,
Five, with eight hundred souldiers left the field;
Twelve hundred fell: for those that went off safe
Their heeles and not their hearts the praise he gave.
Unto their fullest Townes, when he had kil'd them,
He brought his ragged regiment and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they finde
A Weare with fish of wondrous growth and kinde,
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed,
All two foot long besides the taile and head.

9. Kings
and 1200.
souldiers
slaine.

Strange
herrings.

What be-
came of
the rich
prizes.

Here some may aske what came of all the wealth,
(For *Jones* brought nothing home besides himselfe)
This conquest gain'd; Sure many pretious things
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings.
I answer briefly; His heroick desire
Ascends above earth excrements as fire:
Nor can descend to Crownes. The souldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-returne was drown'd;

Still

The Legend of Captain Jones. 7

Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidst this river
 He spies a saile directly bearing thither ;
 He calls, and findes them English, homeward bound,
 Who for fresh water thrust into the sound.
 With these his men and he for England comes,
 Had England knowne it, all her guns and drums
 Had been too little to expresse her joy,
 As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy* ;
 Yet ere he can attaine his native coast
Aeneas-like he must be tyr'd and tost
 With stormes, till meat and water wax'd so scant,
 That *Jones* dranke nought but pisse one week for want.
 At last when they had cast out all their goods,
 (To save themselves) into the furious floods,
 The ship all bruised with sands, and stormes, and stones
 At Ipswich doth disburthen the sea of *Jones*.
 England salutes him with the generall joyes
 Of Court & Country, Knights, Squires, fooles, and boyes
 In every towne rejoyce at his arrivall,
 The townsmen where he comes their wives do swive all,
 And bid them thinke on *Jones* amidst this glee,
 In hope to get such roaring boyes as he :
 Others this joy, into a fury rapt
 To sing his praise, though elegant and apt ;
 Yet mixt with fixions, which he scornes. 'Tis knowne
Jones fancies no additions but his owne ;
 Nor need we stir our braines for glorious stufte
 To paint his praise, himselfe hath done enough,
 And hath prescrib'd that I should write no more
 Then his good memory hath kept in store
 Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
 Doe more, but hides it like a modest man.

He and his
 men come
 for Eng-
 land.

8 *The Legend of Captain Jones.*

His raising
of the
siege of
Kemper
Castle.

His Brittiſh expedition makes me hie
From his vagary to his Chivalry.

This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,
Great Kemper Caſtle guards on Morligns mouth;
Which key of Brittain (like great Brittaines Dover)
Was well nigh loſt by ſiege till *Jones* went over,
To dye or raiſe it; 'Twas begirt by land
With fifteen thouſand. Foure tall ſhips withſtand
All ſuccours from the ſea: Againſt this force
He goes as boldly as an eyeleſſe horſe,
With one ſmall Bark (the *Shit-fire* 'twas) a hot one,
And ſave a hundred men was with him not one:
But theſe were Welch blades, born for hacks and hewing,
And car'd not what they did ſo they were doing.
Thus like ſome tempeſt theſe foure ſhips he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whileſt his powder lightens,
And from his broad ſide poures a ſhowre of haile,
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, maſts, & ſaile.
Their ſhot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnacle, which beares up ſo nigh
And plays ſo hot, that her opponents thinke
Some Dveill is grand Captaine of the Pinke.
One Engliſh Pirat with them, whiſt he watches
His time to ſhoot, ſpies *Jones* upon the hatches,
And cryes out, Ho, ho!ſe Canvas all at once,
And fly, or yeeld; Zounds it is *Captain Jones*:
The man ſwore reaſon, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard;
They fly, he follows, but a partiall winde
And wings of feare ſav'd them, left him behinde.
To Kemper he returns him, and ſupplies it
With fifty men, and victualls to ſuffice it

The Legend of Captain Jones. 9

Six moneths : The foes by land lose hope and heart
To oppose this new supply, and so depart :
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Jones rescued Kemper, and the Dukedome saved.
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,
Wooes him to be Vicegenerall of his fleet ;
Which *Jones* vouchsaf, because he was to meet
Men like him selfe, the doughty Dons of Spaine,
Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gaine.
And better fate in this designe he wisht not
Then to cope single with their great Don Quixot.
Stray Muse, and blush, and sigh and sing no more,
Here *Jones* his Mistris Fortune plaid the whore.
Yet, whilst thou loath'st her lightnesse to rehearse,
Let indignation make thee chide in verse ;
Ah deity ! and blindly to go on so
From thy deare minion *Jones* to *Iohn D'Alonso*,
Whose out and inside is no better mettle
Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
And tak'st thou him for *Jones* ? that glorious boy,
Whom Venus selfe would kisse (were Mars away.)
Well sickle goddesse, if thou be divine,
I'll sweare, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.
Twas thus. This fleet cut through the Westerne maine,
And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine :
Jones led the front (as twas his custome still)
The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill :
His ship went swiftest too, as did his minde
On honors wings : But (oh) an envious winde
Fild all his saile, and wrapt him in a mist
From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.

Hee is
made vice-
generall
under G.
of Cum-
berland, &
fought a-
gainst the
Spanish
Fleet.

And

And thus he lost his traine, and cast about,
 And beat these Seas five dayes to finde them out,
 Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don Iohn D'Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

This Generall bid amaine, and *Jones* desir'd
 From Canons mouth. The Don againe repli'd
 "With foure for one. Ah *Jones*, had I my wish,
 "Some godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
 "To escape this dire assault; thou shouldst not then
 "Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.

Nine thousand souldiers was the force that fought
 This day with *Jones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
 The stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado
 That were in Spaines invincible Armado:
Jones first commands his men to take their victuall,
 He souldier-like dranke much, and prayd a little;
 Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
 Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
 By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
 And sought to board him; but they quickly found
 The ship too hot to grapple with so soone,
 And so bore off againe, and paid her roome.
 Then each by turne present her the broad side,
 Which she repaid with interest, and so ply'd,
 That where her bullets pierce, whole streames of blood
 Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood;
 The foes disdain thus long to stand in fight
 Gainst one, and so presse on with all their might;
 And now the storme grew hot, and deep in blood,
 "Mad rage had got the place where reason stood:
 Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers cares,
 From hearing cryes and groanes; and fury reares

This

The Legend of Captain Jones. 11

This fatall combate to so strange a height,
That higher powers expresse th' effects of fright.
Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and pist,
The windes fell downe, and Titan lurk in mist;
Then belch huge bullets forth, smooke, fire, and thunders;
Their fury strikes the gods with feare and wonder.
One gally which two hundred slaves did row,
Assront the ship in hope to buldge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when she once came nigh,
Our burst his murdering shot; here doom'd to dye
Downe dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
Don *Diego* de Cordona and Gonzago.
Stones, chaines, and bullets tare their passage out
Through busch and galley, which soone tack about
In hope to get aloofe; but *Jones* sent after
Two lucky shots, which light twixt winde and water.
"In crept the quaking billow, where it spide
"Those holes, in hope its fearefull head to hide;
"The galley like afeard, worse hurt, doth creep
"Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
"And so she sanke. Thus *Diego* whilst he try'd
His force with *Jones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
Now *Jones* all breathlesse sat to take his breath
Upon a But of sack, and drank the death
Of Don *John* de *Alonso*, which his men
Pledge in a rowle, and so they fight againe,
Ninescore there were, but threescore now remaine
To do or suffer, for the rest were slaine.
The Spanish force distract twixt hope and feare,
Yet by their fellows fall forward, forbear
This hor assault, keep distance, and at *Jones*
Let fly their shot at randome all at once,

12 The Legend of Captain Jones.

Some halfe a Cable short and some flew ore
 The top saile, some the sterne and rudder tore:
 One, all the rest in fatall fury past,
 And all to shivers rove the master mast,
 Downe fell the rackle, and the vessell lay
 An English prison and a Spanish prey.
 Starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow
 They all let drive and rak'd her through and through.
 All now but ~~two~~ and one man more were kild
 Who cry'd, *Now fight and die on fire and yeeld.*
 Jones kild the first; the latter he besought him
 Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him
 Begging for life, a bullet took away
 His head, which when it was off still seem'd to pray
 Out flew the head and bullet both at once
 Betwene the manly thighes of Capaine Jones
 Who lookt behinde him, art thou gone (quoth he)
 Still may they die so; that cry yeeld to me
 Now nought to him but blood and death happened
 Death was his wish, captivity he feard;
 Which to prevent * Kil-za-dog forth he drew
 And thus he spake, Brave Caro, Caro flew
 And when victorious Brutus could not stand
 He fell, but by his owne victorious hand
 Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit,
 Thy fortune and selfe death I will inherit.
 Thus said, his sword unto his side he plyes
 Which his good Genius stayes and thus replyes:
 Hold Jones, reserved for thy Countries good,
 Borne to shed hostile not thy home-bred blood,
 And know that selfe death is the Cowards cure
 For, he that dyes so, dyes for feare of worse.

* This
 sword hee
 won from
 the great
 and fiere-
 full gyant
 Nereapo-
 ny.

His Geni-
 us dehort
 him from
 selfe mur-
 der

The Legend of Captain Jones. 13

The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.
I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
Thy sword must write what is involv'd in fate,
This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart
Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
Teach them to manage armes, and how they must
Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt in rust.

Now *Jones* vouchsaf'd to live, nor for himselfe
But for his Countries good and Common wealth,
His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
And he ascends the hatches all in fume.
The Muskietiers ambitiously desire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire:
Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,
His velvet Jerkin, and his sattin hose,
(The scars may yet be seen) yet drawes he breath
Fearelesse and harmlesse in the jawes of death.

The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
And so forbore to shoot, drew neere and sought
To take the prey which they so deare had bought.

Then *Jones* all raging throwes into the maine
That sword which men and wolves and beares had slain,
That sword which erst had drunke the blood of Kings,
Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
The Ocean thirld for feare, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.
Then from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,
And so undaunted to *Don Iohn* he goes,
Who bid him Live, *Don*-like, but gave him breath,
Onely to breath in greater paines then death.

16 The Legend of Captain Jones.

How hee
was used
being ta-
ken cap-
tive.

He is pre-
sented to
the Spa-
nish King.

He is cast
in prison.

He dispu-
ted there
with a Je-
suit about
Purgatory.

This shock had sent to Stryx six thousand men,
Whose soules *Don John* to satisfie againe
Inflicts more servile punishments on *Jones*,
Then countervayles six thousand deaths at once.
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks
Ape-like, barefoot with neither shooes nor socks,
Haire shirt, blew bonnet, made a servile knave,
A lowsie, dusty, nasty galley slave.
At last he brings *Jones* to the Spanish King,
And sayes: Great Monarch, see this precious thing;
Six thousand of your bravest men he cost,
Who to gaine him alive, their lives have lost,
Nor thinke the bargain deare, for here's a man
Can doe and say more then your Viceroyes can.
This praise was given him by the crafty *Don*,
For feare his losse seemd more then what he won;
And so it did indeed, for Philip thought
Jones inside by his outside dearly bought.
To try he askes him whither bound, and whence
He was, and *Jones* replies with little sence,
Whether through feare or faining, he affords
To all the King demands, not three wise words.
To try him further, in a Jaile they cast him,
Which serv'd for nothing but to stink and fast in.
And here it was his destiny to light
Upon a learned priest, a Jesuit:
With him falls *Jones* to work. The sacred word
His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword.
Their Question was of purgatory, where,
And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here
(Quoth *Jones*.) For he halfe tir'd with paines would needs
Goe straight to heaven: And thus the question breeds.

Jones

The Legend of Captain Jones. 15

Jones was no Schoolman, yet he bore a braine
Which nere forgot what ere it could containe.
Yet this old Priest so wrests the letters sense,
Equivocates, denies plaine consequence,
Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
That *Jones* chiefe ward was to deny conclusions:
But, doe this subtrill Schoolman what he can,
Such was the vigour of this martiall man,
Though he was no good disputant or Text-man,
Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton;
Yet truth, with confidence and his strong fist
Doth first convince and then convert the Priest.
Some talke of *Garness* straw and *Lipsius* lasses,
Whose miracles made many Artists asses;
But here's a miracle transcends them all,
An Artist made wise by a Naturall.

Now England's Court rings all of *Jones* his fetters,
And men of rank were soone sent ore with letters
To ranome him for gold, or man for man,
On any termes. The King with many a Don
Consults upon this point: One thought it fit
To deale upon exchange; some better wit
Thought it more fit to keep this second Drake,
For so he term'd him wisely, and thus spake;
Armies are England's arme, Capraines the hand
Of this strong arme that rules by sea and land:
And of this arme and hand I thinke in summe,
This captive Captaine is the very thumb.
This speeche was short and sound, but could not go so
Without th'opposing of old Don Mendoza;
Who lov'd and favour'd *Jones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it seemes had wrought some sympathy)

Order ta-
ken in
England
for his ran-
some.

The point
of his ran-
some deba-
ted in Sp.

16 The Legend of Captain Jones.

Pardon (quoth he) (dread Sovereigne) are we come
To talke of armes and hands and Captain Thumb?
From East to West our Armes and armies raigne;
And feare we now for one to re-obtaine
So many Viceroyes in the Isle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almost life depriv'd
Were Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon;
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queene did prize one Capitaine more
Than Spaines great Monarch did his twenty foure.

His speech prevaild, and so they all attone,
And twenty foure were askt and given for one;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what twas to yeeld
And thus was Jones dismiss; yet ere he goe
The King, to grace him, made him kisse his toe.
Long maist thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'ft old, wax young:
Then wilt thou live in spite of time, and be
Times subject, and time thine r'implazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;
For, who can speake thee all (thou mighty man?)
Not Greeces Homer, nor Romes Mantuan,
Thy Irish warres, thy taking great Tyrone,
Whole heards of Wolves kild there by thee alone,
Thy severall single duels with fierce men
And Beares, all slaine; and that dry journey, when
Thou drankst but what thou pist for thrice seven dayes,
Which made thee dry ere since; then th'amorous wayes
The Queene of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers, (Oh) many a precious thing.

Thy

A touch of
some other
deeds of
chivalry by
him per-
formed.

The Legend of Captain Jones. 17

Thy London widow next in love halfe drown'd,
Which thou refus'dst with forty thousand pound :
Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,
Raleigh's hard scaping of thy bastinado :
Lastly, thy grace with thy great Queene Eliza,
Who, hadst thou had the learning to suffice a
Man, but to write and reade, had made thee able
To sit in Councell at her highnesse Stable.
These trophees of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile braine for time in store,
I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ
In golden lines by some more happy wit,
Whose Genius, till some fury doth inspire,
Let me sit downe in silence and admire.



THE END.

FINIS.

A copious commendation of a Red Nose.

L Et him that undertooke to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a dayes

Commodious:

I say, let him awhile give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, an
Rubies about his nose, none can

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We cover, and no cost deny

Deny it.

To buy it.
Some have their clothes sold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will laek
Meat, rather then good sherry Sack

And Claret:

And they sweare (& sweare truth) that those
Which drink small Beer, & wear good cloths
Doe offer wrong unto their nose,

And marre it.

If in Romes Senate long nos'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then
Why these should not be praised, when

All men know

A fiery face nere is without
A rich nose: and how faire a show:
Thats rich exceeds a long to doubt
Or call men to

Dispute or to capitulare,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expostulare
And judge it:

And if judge truly, hee'l confesse,
Fire-rich, exceeds long-wisfe, I guesse,
No man that hath true worthinesse
Will grutch it.

Besides, the world knowes this, that we
Affirme those gracious that we see
But blush, and call it modesty

In people.

A rich face alwayes blushes, so
It doth all faces esse out-go
As faire as S. Faiths is below
Pauls sleepe.

He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgement shewes himselfe a boy,
And heedlesse,

Nor will I spend more words to show
What commendations men do ow
To Captaine Jems his face, you know
Tis needlesse.

FINIS.

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